

so when they signed the annexed opinion, which they freely gave, for the benefit of their friends, patrons and countrymen. Let us hear it, and let it sink deeply into all our minds, and influence our lives and conduct.

The Board of Directors of the Boston Society for the Promotion of Temperance, appointed a Committee, to obtain from the Physicians of Boston a united expression of their opinion in regard to the effects of ardent spirit. The following paper was drawn up, by one of the faculty, and presented to every regular Physician who could be found in the city. It was signed by *seventy-five*, being all but about five of the regular practitioners of medicine then residing in Boston; and is as follows:

'The subscribers, Physicians of Boston, having been requested by the Directors of the Boston Society for the Promotion of Temperance, to express their opinion in regard to the effects of ardent spirit, hereby *declare* it to be their opinion that *men in health are NEVER benefited by the use of ardent spirit*,—that, on the contrary, the use of it is a frequent cause of *disease and death*, and often renders such diseases as arise from other causes more difficult of cure, and more fatal in their termination.'

Boston, February, 1833.

William Spooner—James Jackson—William Ingalls—John C. Warren—Benjamin Shurtleff—John Dixwell—John Randall—J. B. Brown—Walter Channing—Jacob Bigelow—George Hayward—S. D. Townsend—George Parkman—Abner Phelps—Samuel Adams—Enoch Hale, Jr.—T. I. Parker—S. A. Shurtleff—John Ware—John Homans—Woodbridge Strong—John Jeffries—Amos Farnsworth—Alexander Thomas—William Grigg—Charles Choate—Charles Walker—Henry Dyer—John C. Howard—Daniel T. Coit—Benj. T. Prescott—Isaac Porter—Martin Gay—James Wood—Thomas Gray, Jr.—Daniel Harwood—Augustus A. Gould—Z. B. Adams—D. Osgood—Williams Bradford—J. F. Flagg—Edward Reynolds, Jr.—Thomas W. Parsons—J. G. Stevenson—John D. Fisher—Winslow Lewis, Jr.—George B. Doane—Chandler Robbins, Jr.—Samuel Morrill—Charles T. Hildreth—Jerome V. C. Smith—D. Humphreys Storer—Joshua B. Flint—Jonas H. Lane—Joseph W. McKean—Fred'k. A. Sumner, Jr.—E. J. Davenport—N. C. Keep—Calvin Ellis—Marshall S. Perry—Abm. A. Watson—Thomas H. Thompson—J. Wilson—George Bartlett—Edward Warren—Benjamin F. Wing—A. Seaton—Samuel H. Smith—L. B. Gale—Albert Williams—W. G. Hanaford—Paul Simpson, Jr.—John Bliss Stebbins—Ezra Palmer, Jr.—J. B. S. Jackson.

Sold by the Publisher, SETH BLISS, at his office, No. 5 Cornhill, Boston, at 6 cents single, 56 cents per dozen \$4 per hundred, \$35 per thousand. Mr. Smith's letter separately at \$2 per hundred. Societies or individuals supplied with any number of copies at short notice.

2 sheets

THE

INTEMPERATE,

AND THE

REFORMED.

SHOWING THE AWFUL CONSEQUENCES OF INTEMPERANCE,
AND THE BLESSED EFFECTS OF THE TEMPER-
ANCE REFORMATION.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY SETH BLISS.

No. 5 CORNHILL.

1833.

TO THE READER.—‘Are you the wife or mother, whose husband or son is habitually intemperate?—are you the husband or father, whose wife or child has contracted the same habit?—are you the son or daughter of an intemperate father or mother? or have you a relation, friend, or neighbor, who drinks his daily drams?’ For her—for him—for them—we present you with these most interesting pages, and ask for them your attentive perusal.* They are not fictions, but founded on fact, such as is known and felt all over our land, and over which good men have too long shut their eyes.

We would plead with you, and beseech you, as you value the happiness of these dear relatives, friends, and fellow-men, that you will not cease to urge them to abandon forever, the fatal draught, and resolve, with the assistance of God, to be free from the galling fetters of a depraved appetite, which is hurrying them on to swift destruction.

Kind persuasion—promised friendly aid, and above all, a withdrawal from scenes of temptation, have restored hundreds and thousands. By the same efforts, tens of thousands may yet be brought back to their friends, their duty, and to happiness.

In 137 towns in the State of Maine, containing two hundred thousand inhabitants, a careful examination has been made, and it has been found that there are five hundred and forty reclaimed drunkards. The same estimate for our whole country of fourteen millions, would give thirty-seven thousand eight hundred cases of hopeful reformation. We dare not promise ourselves with all this result, as yet realized, but if in the State of Maine,* one thousand cases of reformation are found, it may safely be calculated that there are twelve thousand in the United States. Language would fail to describe the change in these twelve thousand, once wretched, but now thrice happy families! Surely not only good men, but angels also, must rejoice over the return of *such* wanderers.

Another class, and a much larger one, is also greatly benefited by the temperance reformation. With what solicitude parents looked forward, a few years ago, as their children should come upon the stage of action, they only can tell. Now how blessed the change. Six years ago from three to four in every hundred were intemperate. Now there are fifteen hundred thousand members of temperance societies, or persons pledged to total abstinence. Compute then the value of the glorious change, in the prospects of individuals, and of our country, if you can do it. These views give only a faint outline of the importance of the temperance reformation, but we trust they are sufficient to nerve every man to action. Take courage then, ye friends of our race, and gird yourselves anew for the work, and never cease until temperance, with all its blessings, embraces our whole population. Give your time, your influence, and your wealth, to send Agents and to place temperance publications in every family. Let no one be backward in this holy enterprise. We call upon fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, after perusing this pamphlet, as they will wish to answer another day for their Stewardship, to say if nothing remains for each one of them to do.

* See the very valuable Report of the Maine Temperance Society, for 1833.

THE

INTEMPERATE,

AND THE

REFORMED.

SHEWING THE AWFUL CONSEQUENCES OF INTEMPERANCE,
AND THE BLESSED EFFECTS OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY SETH BLISS.

No. 5 Cornhill.

1833.

INTRODUCTION.

THE INTEMPERATE, by MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

AND

THE REFORMED, by GERRIT SMITH, Esq.

These are the productions of highly gifted minds, whose writings on any subject would be greatly valued. The former is drawn with a fidelity and delicacy, which cannot be surpassed, and with a pathos which will affect the most obdurate heart. We have here placed before us an affecting narrative of that most forlorn of all our race, the wife of a drunkard, suffering in silence, as she sees the once fond partner of her joys, transformed from the kind and tender husband into the brute and the fiend. The emotions of this female, too big for utterance, are vividly presented to us, as she follows her now savage tyrant, into the lonely wilderness; and, as we drop a tear of sympathy over her first-born, and only son, as he sinks in death, beneath a father's cruel neglect and abuse; all our sensibilities are enlisted in favor of the meek, uncomplaining Christian wife and mother, who, like a bruised reed, was crushed to the earth, with nothing but her religious faith and hope to sustain her spirits, sinking under her indescribable and untold woes.

This beautiful story wants but one addition, which every reader can easily supply, and then it would stir men's feelings to indignation, if not to vengeance; as did Mark

Anthony's address the citizens of Rome, when, upon the death of Cæsar, he exhibited to them, and held up over his body, the robe in which he had been foully murdered, and told them who had done the bloody deed. We refer to the guilty authors of all the wide-spread misery, caused by the sale of intoxicating liquors—the makers and venders of that poison, which robs men of all the finer affections of the heart; and which, as in the instance of the *INTEMPERATE*, robbed his family of all their happiness *here*, and its guilty head of all hope *hereafter*. We would that Mrs. Sigourney had added, in the language of the Prophet Nathan, 'Thou art the man'—thou distiller, thou vender, 'Thou art the man,' and 'Wo unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also.'

Connected with this account of the Intemperate, is a history of

THE REFORMED,

by Gerrit Smith, Esq. of Peterboro', N. Y., in a letter to his friend and fellow-laborer in the cause of temperance; and we venture to say there has never issued from the press a more deeply interesting document. As the *Intemperate*, gives us a history of the past, so the *Reformed*, turns to the present, and unfolds the bright page of the future, if we are true to ourselves, and to the trust which God has committed to us. Mr. Smith gives a more wonderful account of the progress of temperance, and the importance of well directed Christian effort, in one village, than we or any of our readers have ever before met with. Were it not for the character of the writer, and our personal knowledge of his scrupulous veracity, with the evidence of truth, which the letter bears upon its face, we should be compelled to make some deductions from it,—but those who have the pleasure of knowing Mr. Smith, will, as all others may, give to it implicit credit; and they must, with us, wonder at the mighty changes which have taken place, where but a few years since, to all outward appearance, resided nearly

as debased a set of inhabitants, as of old dwelt in the cities of the plain. Now, how delightful the contrast—how solemn the Sabbath—how joyful that people with whom the Lord dwells; his hosts encamping around them, as about his Israel of old!

This letter gives all who read it, a new view of the duty which the members of temperance societies, owe to those of their fellow-men, who have become either moderate or intemperate drinkers of ardent spirit. They are not henceforward to be looked upon with scorn and contempt, but with pity and sympathy. For with such benevolence, and untiring effort, as once actuated Howard, and may we not say, without offending the delicacy of our friends, as now animates a Smith, and a Delavan, *thousands and tens of thousands of drunkards may yet be saved, and restored to their friends*. Let each one, who peruses these pages, try the experiment, and taking them in his hand, go privately to the drunkard's dwelling, and tell him and his wife that he has come to pay them a friendly visit, and to give them some information which will be of service to them. Then let him, with delicacy, introduce his subject—read extracts from the letter, and offer them his aid—his effectual aid, if they will break the fetters which bind them down to tyrant appetite. Let him return again and again, and obtain a promise from them that they will abstain from all intoxicating drinks, and shew by his deeds, as well as his words, that he feels an interest in them, and that they are no longer the outcasts they supposed themselves to be; and multitudes will arise from their degradation, and, by the blessing of Heaven, may become like the Elder Beeman, described in Mr. Smith's letter,—'wonderful monuments of mercy.'

It should also lead us all to active exertion in the cause of temperance, and to be willing to give our time, our influence, and our pecuniary aid, to forward the noble work of saving men from the most awful calamity to which they are exposed. It should also induce every man to inquire if

those fountains of disease and death, the Distil House and the Dram Shop, cannot be forever barred, that the poison may no longer flow through our streets, and entice the unwary, at every corner, to perdition. We should inquire if nothing can be done to place, in indelible characters, over every tipping house, these are 'The Chambers of Death, leading down to Hell.' When so much good has been effected by, perhaps, the efforts of one individual, in a village in a sister State, how much could be accomplished, by the fifteen hundred thousand members of temperance societies, scattered all over our land, if each individual had the ardor of a Smith? Such an influence, combining, as it does, a large part of the moral energy of our country, and sustained by nearly all the good men, of every denomination, and party, (saving only those interested in the traffic, if such an exception should be made,) having the simple object of redeeming the world from a more galling than Egyptian bondage,—would soon reclaim this land of the Pilgrims from the curse of intemperance, and make it the fairest of all lands. That this consummation, can be speedily effected, by means of the circulation of information and by personal effort, who can doubt, after the facts here brought to view? We most heartily commend this publication to the friends of the temperance cause, and of humanity, fully persuaded there has never been given to the public any thing which will inspire them with more animation to press forward, with new zeal, in this holy cause, than the letters of Mrs. Sigourney, and Mr. Smith; that they may be extensively read and blessed to the saving of many who are now ready to perish, is the prayer of

J. T.

THE INTEMPERATE.

(From the Religious Souvenir, for 1834.)

'Come along,' said James Harwood to his wife, who, burdened with two children, followed in his steps. Her heart was full and she made no reply.

'Well, be sullen if you choose; but make haste you shall, or I will leave you behind in the woods.'

Then, as if vexed because his ill-humor failed to irritate its object, he added in a higher tone—

'Put down that boy. Have not I told you, twenty times, that you could get along faster if you had but one to carry? He can walk as well as I can.'

'He is sick,' said his mother; 'feel how his head throbs. Pray take him in your arms.'

'I tell you, Jane Harwood, once for all, that you are spoiling the child by your foolishness. He is no more sick than I am. You are only trying to make him lazy. Get down, I tell you, and walk,' addressing the languid boy.

He would have proceeded to enforce obedience, but the report of a gun arrested his attention. He entered a thicket, to discover whence it proceeded, and the weary and sad-hearted mother sat down upon the grass. Bitter were her reflections during that interval of rest among the wilds of Ohio. The pleasant New-England village from which she had just emigrated, and the peaceful home of her birth, rose up to her view—where, but a few years before, she had given her hand to one, whose unkindness now strewed her path with thorns. By constant and endearing attentions, he had won her youthful love, and the two first years of their union promised happiness. Both were industrious and affectionate, and the smiles of

their infant in his evening sports, or slumbers, more than repaid the labors of the day.

But a change became visible. The husband grew inattentive to his business, and indifferent to his fireside. He permitted debts to accumulate, in spite of the economy of his wife, and became morose and offended at her remonstrances. She strove to hide, even from her own heart, the vice that was gaining the ascendancy over him; and redoubled her exertions to make his home agreeable. But too frequently her efforts were of no avail, or contemptuously rejected. The death of her beloved mother, and the birth of a second infant, convinced her that neither in sorrow nor in sickness could she expect sympathy from him, to whom she had given her heart, in the simple faith of confiding affection. They became miserably poor, and the cause was evident to every observer. In this distress, a letter was received from a brother, who had been for several years a resident in Ohio, mentioning that he was induced to remove further westward, and offering them the use of a tenement, which his family would leave vacant, and a small portion of cleared land, until they might be able to become purchasers.

Poor Jane listened to this proposal with gratitude. She thought she saw in it the salvation of her husband. She believed that if he were divided from his intemperate companions, he would return to his early habits of industry and virtue. The trial of leaving native and endeared scenes, from which she would once have shrunk, seemed as nothing in comparison with the prospect of his reformation and returning happiness. Yet, when all their few effects were converted into the wagon and horse which were to convey them to a far land, and the scant and humble necessaries, which were to sustain them on their way thither; when she took leave of her brother and sisters, with their households; when she shook hands with the friends whom she had loved from her cradle, and remembered that it might be for the last time; and when the hills that encircled her native village faded into the faint, blue outline of the horizon, there came over her such a

desolation of spirit, such a foreboding of evil, as she had never before experienced. She blamed herself for these feelings, and repressed their indulgence.

The journey was slow and toilsome. The autumnal rains and the state of the roads were against them. The few utensils and comforts which they carried with them, were gradually abstracted and sold. The object of this traffic could not be doubted. The effects were but too visible in his conduct. She reasoned—she endeavored to persuade him to a different course. But anger was the only result. When he was not too far stupified to comprehend her remarks, his deportment was exceedingly overbearing and arbitrary. She felt that she had no friend to protect her from insolence, and was entirely in his own power; and she was compelled to realize that it was a power without generosity, and that there is no tyranny so perfect as that of a capricious and alienated husband.

As they approached the close of their distressing journey, the roads became worse, and their horse utterly failed. He had been but scantily provided for, and the intemperance of his owner had taxed and impoverished every thing for his own support. Jane wept as she looked upon the dying animal, and remembered his laborious and ill-repaid services.

‘What shall I do with the brute?’ exclaimed his master; ‘he has died in such an out-of-the-way place, that I cannot even find any one to buy his skin.’

Under the shelter of their miserably broken wagon, they passed another night, and early in the morning pursued their way on foot. Of their slender stores, a few morsels of bread were all that remained. But James had about his person a bottle, which he no longer made a secret of using. At every application of it to his lips, his temper seemed to acquire new violence. They were within a few miles of the termination of their journey, and their directions had been very clear and precise. But his mind became so bewildered, and his heart so perverse, that he persisted in choosing by-paths of underwood and tangled weeds, under the pretence of seeking a shorter route.

This increased and prolonged the fatigue; but no entreaty of his wearied wife was regarded. Indeed so exasperated was he at her expostulations, that she sought safety in silence. The little boy of four years old, whose constitution had been feeble from his infancy, became so feverish and distressed, as to be unable to proceed. The mother, after in vain soliciting aid and compassion from her husband, took him in her arms, while the youngest, whom she had previously carried, and who was unable to walk, clung to her shoulders. Thus burdened, her progress was tedious and painful. Still she was enabled to go on: for the strength that nerves a mother's frame, toiling for her sick child, is from God. She even endeavored to press on more rapidly than usual, fearing that if she fell behind, her husband would tear the sufferer from her arms, in some paroxysm of his savage intemperance.

Their road, during the day, though approaching the small settlement where they were to reside, lay through a solitary part of the country. The children were faint and hungry; and as the exhausted mother sat upon the grass, trying to nurse her infant, she drew from her bosom the last piece of bread, and held to the parched lips of the feeble child. But he turned away his head, and with a scarcely audible moan, asked for water. Feelingly might she sympathize in the distress of the poor outcast from the tent of Abraham, who laid her famishing son among the shrubs, and sat down a good way off, saying, 'Let me not see the death of the child.' But this Christian mother was not in the desert, nor in despair. She looked upward to Him who is the refuge of the forsaken, and the comforter of those whose spirits are cast down.

The sun was drawing towards the west, as the voice of James Harwood was heard, issuing from the forest, attended by another man with a gun, and some birds at his girdle.

'Wife, will you get up now, and come along? We are not a mile from home. Here is John Williams, who went from our part of the country, and says he is our next door neighbor.'

Jane received his hearty welcome with a thankful spirit, and rose to accompany them. The kind neighbor took the sick boy in his arms, saying,

'Harwood, take the baby from your wife: we do not let our women bear all the burdens here in Ohio.'

James was ashamed to refuse, and reached his hands towards the child. But, accustomed to his neglect or unkindness, it hid its face, crying, in the maternal bosom.

'You see how it is. She makes the children so cross, that I never have any comfort of them. She chooses to carry them herself, and always will have her own way in every thing.'

'You have come to a new settled country, friends,' said John Williams; 'but it is a good country to get a living in. Crops of corn and wheat are such as you never saw in New-England. Our cattle live in clover, and the cows give us cream instead of milk. There is plenty of game to employ our leisure, and venison and wild turkey do not come amiss now and then on a farmer's table. Here is a short cut I can show you, though there is a fence or two to climb. James Harwood, I shall like well to talk with you about old times and old friends down east. But why don't you help your wife over the fence with her baby?'

'So I would, but she is so sulky. She has not spoke a word to me all day. I always say, let such folks take care of themselves till their mad fit is over.'

A cluster of log cabins now met their view through an opening in the forest. They were pleasantly situated in the midst of an area of cultivated land. A fine river, surmounted by a rustic bridge of the trunks of trees, cast a sparkling line through the deep, unchanged autumnal verdure.

'Here we live,' said their guide, 'a hard working, contented people. That is your house, which has no smoke curling up from the chimney. It may not be quite so genteel as some you have left behind in the old states, but it is about as good as any in the neighborhood. I'll go and call my wife to welcome you: right glad will she be

to see you, for she sets great store by folks from New England.'

The inside of a log cabin, to those not habituated to it, presents but a cheerless aspect. The eye needs time to accustom itself to the rude walls and floors, the absence of glass windows, and the doors loosely hung upon leathern hinges. The exhausted woman entered, and sank down with her babe. There was no chair to receive her. In the corner of the room stood a rough board table, and a low frame resembling a bedstead. Other furniture there was none. Glad, kind voices of her own sex, recalled her from her stupor. Three or four matrons, and several blooming young faces, welcomed her with smiles. The warmth of reception in a new colony, and the substantial services by which it is manifested, put to shame the ceremonies and heartless professions, which in a more artificial state of society are dignified with the name of friendship.

As if by magic, what had seemed almost a prison, assumed a different aspect, under the ministry of active benevolence. A cheerful flame rose from the ample fireplace; several chairs and a bench for the children appeared; a bed with comfortable coverings concealed the shapelessness of the bedstead, and viands to which they had long been strangers were heaped upon the board. An old lady held the sick boy tenderly in her arms, who seemed to revive as he saw his mother's face brighten, and the infant, after a draught of fresh milk, fell into a sweet and profound slumber. One by one of the neighbors departed, that the wearied ones might have an opportunity of repose. John Williams, who was the last to bid good night, lingered a moment as he closed the door, and said—

'Friend Harwood, here is a fine, gentle cow, feeding at your door; and for old acquaintance sake, you and your family are welcome to the use of her for the present, or until you can make out better.'

When they were left alone, Jane poured out her gratitude to her Almighty Protector, in a flood of joyful tears.

Kindness to which she had recently been a stranger, fell as balm of Gilead upon her wounded spirit.

'Husband,' she exclaimed, in the fullness of her heart, 'we may yet be happy.'

He answered not, and she perceived that he heard not. He had thrown himself upon the bed, and in a deep and stupid sleep was dispelling the fumes of intoxication.

This new family of emigrants, though in the midst of poverty, were sensible of a degree of satisfaction to which they had long been strangers. The difficulty of procuring ardent spirits in this small and isolated community promised to be the means of establishing their peace. The mother busied herself in making their humble tenement neat and comfortable, while her husband, as if ambitious to earn in a new residence the reputation he had forfeited in the old, labored diligently to assist his neighbors in gathering in their harvest, receiving in payment such articles as were needed for the subsistence of his household. Jane continually gave thanks in her prayers for this great blessing; and the hope she permitted herself to indulge of his permanent reformation, imparted unwonted cheerfulness to her brow and demeanor. The invalid boy seemed also to gather healing from his mother's smiles; for so great was her power over him, since sickness had rendered his dependence complete, that his comfort, and even his countenance, were a faithful reflection of her own. Perceiving the degree of her influence, she endeavored to use it, as every religious parent should, for his spiritual benefit. She supplicated that the pencil which was to write upon his soul, might be guided from above. She spoke to him in the tenderest manner of his Father in heaven, and of His will respecting little children. She pointed out his goodness in the daily gifts that sustain life; in the glorious sun as it came forth rejoicing in the east; in the gently-falling rain, the frail plant, and the dews that nourish it. She reasoned with him of the changes of nature, till he loved even the storm, and the lofty thunder, because they came from God. She repeated to him passages of Scripture, with which her memory was stored; and

sang hymns, until she perceived that if he was in pain, he complained not, if he might but hear her voice. She made him acquainted with the life of the compassionate Redeemer, and how he called young children to his arms, though the disciples forbade them. And it seemed as if a voice from heaven urged her never to desist from cherishing this tender and deep-rooted piety; because, like the flower of grass, he must soon fade away. Yet, though it was evident that the seeds of disease were in his system, his health at intervals seemed to be improving, and the little household partook, for a time, the blessings of tranquillity and content.

But let none flatter himself that the dominion of vice is suddenly or easily broken. It may seem to relax its grasp, and to slumber; but the victim who has long worn its chain, if he would utterly escape and triumph at last, must do so in the strength of Omnipotence. This James Harwood never sought. He had begun to experience that prostration of spirits which attends the abstraction of an habitual stimulant. His resolution to recover his lost character was not proof against this physical inconvenience. He determined, at all hazards, to gratify his depraved appetite. He laid his plans deliberately, and, with the pretext of making some arrangements about the wagon, which had been left broken on the road, departed from his home. His stay was protracted beyond the appointed limit, and at his return, his sin was written on his brow, in characters too strong to be mistaken. That he had also brought with him some hoard of intoxicating poison, to which to resort, there remained no room to doubt. Day after day did his shrinking household witness the alternations of causeless anger and brutal tyranny. To lay waste the comfort of his wife, seemed to be his prominent object. By constant contradiction and misconstruction, he strove to distress her, and then visited her sensibilities upon her as sins. Had she been more obtuse by nature, or more indifferent to his welfare, she might with greater ease have borne the cross. But her youth was nurtured in tenderness, and education had refined her susceptibilities, both of pleasure and pain. She could not forget the love he had once manifested

for her, nor prevent the chilling contrast from filling her with anguish. She could not resign the hope that the being who had early evinced correct feelings and noble principles of action, might yet be won back to that virtue which had rendered him worthy of her affections. Still, the hope deferred was sickness and sorrow to the heart. She found the necessity of deriving consolation, and the power of endurance, wholly from above. The tender invitation by the mouth of a prophet, was as balm to her wounded soul,—‘as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and as a wife of youth, when thou wast refused, have I called thee, saith thy God.’

So faithful was she in the discharge of the difficult duties that devolved upon her—so careful not to irritate her husband by reproach or gloom—that to a casual observer she might have appeared to be confirming the doctrine of the ancient philosopher, that happiness is in exact proportion to virtue. Had he asserted, that virtue is the source of all that happiness which *depends upon ourselves*, none could have controverted his position. But, to a woman, a wife, a mother, how small is the portion of independent happiness. She has woven the tendrils of her soul around many props. Each revolving year renders their support more necessary. They cannot waver, or warp, or break, but she must tremble and bleed.

There was one modification of her husband's persecutions which the fullest measure of her piety could not enable her to bear unmoved. This was unkindness to her feeble and suffering boy. It was at first commenced as the surest mode of distressing her. It opened a direct avenue to her heart-strings. What began in perverseness seemed to end in hatred, as evil habits sometimes create perverted principles. The wasted and wild-eyed invalid shrank from his father's glance and footstep, as from the approach of a foe. More than once had he taken him from the little bed which maternal care had provided for him, and forced him to go forth in the cold of the winter storm.

‘I mean to harden him, said he. All the neighbors know that you make such a fool of him that he will never

be able to get a living. For my part, I wish I had never been called to the trial of supporting a useless boy, who pretends to be sick only that he may be coaxed by a silly mother.'

On such occasions, it was in vain that the mother attempted to protect her child. She might neither shelter him in her bosom, nor control the frantic violence of the father. Harshness, and the agitation of fear, deepened a disease which might else have yielded. The timid boy, in terror of his natural protector, withered away like a blighted flower. It was of no avail that friends remonstrated with the unfeeling parent, or that hoary-headed men warned him solemnly of his sins. Intemperance had destroyed his respect for man, and his fear of God.

Spring at length emerged from the shades of that heavy and bitter winter. But its smile brought no gladness to the declining child. Consumption fed upon his vitals, and his nights were restless, and full of pain.

'Mother, I wish I could smell the violets that grew upon the green bank by our old, dear home.'

'It is too early for violets, my child. But the grass is beautifully green around us, and the birds sing sweetly, as if their hearts were full of praise.'

'In my dreams, last night, I saw the clear waters of the brook that ran by the bottom of my little garden. I wish I could taste them once more. And I heard such music, too, as used to come from that white church among the trees, where every Sunday the happy people meet to worship God.'

The mother saw that the hectic fever had been long increasing, and knew there was such an unearthly brightness in his eye, that she feared his intellect wandered. She seated herself on his low bed, and bent over him to soothe and compose him. He lay silent for some time.

'Do you think my father will come?'

Dreading the agonizing agitation which, in his paroxysms of coughing and pain, he evinced at the sound of his father's well-known footstep, she answered—

'I think not, love. You had better try to sleep.'

'Mother, I wish he would come. I do not feel afraid

now. Perhaps he would let me lay my cheek to his once more, as he used to do when I was a babe in my grandmother's arms. I should be glad to say good-bye to him, before I go to my Savior.'

Gazing intently in his face, she saw the work of the destroyer, in lines too plain to be mistaken.

'My son—my dear son—say, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.'

'Mother,' he replied, with a sweet smile upon his ghastly features, 'he is ready. I desire to go to him. Hold the baby to me, that I may kiss her. That is all. Now sing to me, and oh! wrap me close in your arms, for I shiver with cold.'

He clung, with a death grasp, to that bosom which had long been his sole earthly refuge.

'Sing louder, dear mother, a little louder, I cannot hear you.'

A tremulous tone, as of a broken harp, rose above her grief, to comfort the dying child. One sigh of icy breath was upon her cheek, as she joined it to his—one shudder—and all was over! She held the body long in her arms, as if fondly hoping to warm and revivify it with her breath. Then she stretched it upon its bed, and kneeling beside it, hid her face in that grief which none but mothers feel. It was a deep and sacred solitude, alone with the dead. Nothing save the soft breathing of the sleeping babe fell upon that solemn pause. Then the silence was broken by a wail of piercing sorrow. It ceased, and a voice arose, a voice of supplication, for strength to endure, as 'seeing Him who is invisible.' Faith closed what was begun in weakness. It became a prayer of thanksgiving to Him who had released the dove-like spirit from the prison-house of pain, that it might taste the peace and mingle in the melody of heaven.

She arose from the orison, and bent calmly over her dead. The thin, placid features wore a smile, as when he had spoken of Jesus. She composed the shining locks around the pure forehead, and gazed long on what was to her so beautiful. Tears had vanished from her eyes, and

in their stead was an expression almost sublime, as of one who had given an angel back to God.

The father entered carelessly. She pointed to the pallid, immovable brow. 'See, he suffers no longer.' He drew near and looked on the dead with surprise and sadness. A few natural tears forced their way, and fell on the face of the first-born, who was once his pride. The memories of that moment were bitter. He spoke tenderly to the emaciated mother; and she, who a short time before was raised above the sway of grief, wept like an infant as those few affectionate tones touched the sealed fountains of other years.

Neighbors and friends visited them, desirous to console their sorrow, and attended them when they committed the body to the earth. There was a shady and secluded spot, which they had consecrated by the burial of their few dead. Thither that whole little colony were gathered, and, seated on the fresh springing grass, listened to the holy, healing words of the inspired volume. It was read by the oldest man in the colony, who had himself often mourned. As he bent reverently over the sacred page, there was that on his brow which seemed to say, 'this has been my comfort in my affliction.' Silver hairs thinly covered his temples, and his low voice was modulated by feeling, as he read of the frailty of man, withering like the flower of grass, before it groweth up; and of His majesty in whose sight 'a thousand years are as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.' He selected from the words of that compassionate One, who 'gathereth the lambs with his arm, and carrieth them in his bosom;' who, pointing out as an example the humility of little children, said 'Except ye become as one of these, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven,' and who calleth all the weary and heavy laden to come unto him, that he may give them rest. The scene called forth sympathy, even from manly bosoms. The mother, worn with watching and weariness, bowed her head down to the clay that concealed her child. And it was observed with gratitude by that friendly group, that the husband supported her in his arms, and mingled his tears with hers.

He returned from this funeral in much mental distress. His sins were brought to remembrance, and reflection was misery. For many nights, sleep was disturbed by visions of his neglected boy. Sometimes he imagined that he heard him coughing from his low bed, and felt constrained to go to him, in a strange disposition of kindness, but his limbs were unable to obey the dictates of his will. Then he would see him pointing with a thin dead hand, to the dark grave, or beckoning him to follow to the unseen world. Conscience haunted him with terrors, and many prayers from pious hearts arose, that he might now be led to repentance. The venerable man, who had read the Bible at the burial of his boy, counselled and entreated him, with the earnestness of a father, to yield to the warning voice from above, and to 'break off his sins by righteousness, and his iniquities by turning unto the Lord.'

There was a change in his habits and conversation, and his friends trusted it would be permanent. She who, above all others, was interested in the result, spared no exertion to win him back to the way of truth, and to soothe his heart into peace with itself, and obedience to his Maker. Yet was she doomed to witness the full force of grief and of remorse upon intemperance, only to see them utterly overthrown at last. The reviving virtue, with whose indications she had solaced herself, and even given thanks that her beloved son had not died in vain, was transient as the morning dew. Habits of industry, which had begun to spring up, proved themselves to be without root. The dead, and his cruelty to the dead, were alike forgotten. Disaffection to the chastened being, who against hope still hoped for his salvation, resumed its dominion. The friends who had alternately reproved and encouraged him, were convinced that their efforts had been of no avail. Intemperance, 'like the strong man armed,' took possession of a soul that lifted no cry for aid to the Holy Spirit, and girded on no weapon to resist the destroyer.

Summer passed away, and the anniversary of their arrival at the colony returned. It was to Jane Harwood a

period of sad and solemn retrospection. The joys of early days, and the sorrows of maturity, passed in review before her; and while she wept, she questioned her heart, what had been its gain from a Father's discipline, or whether it had sustained that greatest of all losses—the loss of its afflictions.

She was alone at this season of self-communion. The absences of her husband had become more frequent and protracted. A storm, which feelingly reminded her of those which had often beat upon them when homeless and weary travellers, had been raging for nearly two days. To this cause she imputed the unusually long stay of her husband. Through the third night of his absence she lay sleepless, listening for his steps. Sometimes she fancied she heard shouts of laughter, for the mood in which he returned from his revels was various. But it was only the shriek of the tempest. Then she thought some ebullition of his frenzied anger rang in her ears. It was the roar of the hoarse wind through the forest. All night long she listened to these sounds, and hushed and sang to her affrighted babe. Unrefreshed she arose and resumed her morning labors.

Suddenly her eye was attracted by a group of neighbors coming up slowly from the river. A dark and terrible foreboding oppressed her. She hastened out to meet them. Coming towards her house was a female friend, agitated and tearful, who, passing her arm around her, would have spoken.

"O, you come to bring me evil tidings: I pray you let me know the worst."

The object was indeed to prepare her mind for a fearful calamity. The body of her husband had been found drowned, as was supposed, during the darkness of the preceding night, in attempting to cross the bridge of logs, which had been partially broken by the swollen waters. Utter prostration of spirit came over the desolate mourner. Her energies were broken, and her heart withered. She had sustained the privations of poverty and emigration, and the burdens of unceasing labor and unrequited care, without murmuring. She had lain her first-born

in the grave with resignation; for faith had heard him Saviour saying, 'Suffer the little child to come unto me.' She had seen him, in whom her heart's young affections were garnered up, become a 'persecutor, and injurious,' a prey to vice the most disgusting and destructive. Yet she had borne up under all. One hope remained with her as an 'anchor of the soul,'—the hope that he might yet repent and be reclaimed. She had persevered in her complicated and self-denying duties with that charity which 'beareth all things,—believeth all things, endureth all things.'

But now, he had died in his sin. The deadly leprosy which had stolen over his heart, could no more be 'purged by sacrifice or offering forever.' She knew not that a single prayer for mercy had preceded the soul on its passage to the High Judge's bar. There were bitter dregs in this grief, which she had never before wrung out.

Again the sad-hearted community assembled in their humble cemetery. A funeral in an infant colony awakens sympathies of an almost exclusive character. It is as if a large family suffered. One is smitten down whom every eye knew, every voice saluted. To bear along the corpse of the strong man, through the fields which he had sown, and to cover motionless in the grave that arm which trusted to have reaped the ripening harvest, awakens a thrill, deep and startling, in the breast of those who wrought by his side during the burden and heat of the day. To lay the mother on her pillow of clay, whose last struggle with life was, perchance, to resign the hope of one more brief visit to the land of her fathers,—whose heart's last pulsation might have been a prayer that her children should return and grow up within the shadow of the school-house and the church of God, is a grief in which none, save emigrants, may participate. To consign to their narrow, noteless abode, both young and old, the infant, and him of hoary hairs, without the solemn knell, the sable train, the hallowed voice of the man of God, giving back, in the name of his fellow Christians, the most precious roses of their pilgrim path, and speak-

ing with divine authority of Him who is the 'resurrection and the life,' adds desolation to that weeping with which man goeth downward to his dust.

But with heaviness of an unspoken and peculiar nature was this victim of vice borne from the home that he troubled, and laid by the side of his son, to whose tender years he had been an unnatural enemy. There was sorrow among all who stood around his grave, and it bore features of that sorrow which is without hope.

The widowed mourner was not able to raise her head from the bed when the bloated remains of her unfortunate husband were committed to the earth. Long and severe sickness ensued, and in her convalescence a letter was received from her brother, inviting her and her child to an asylum under his roof, and appointing a period to come and conduct them on their homeward journey.

With her little daughter, the sole remnant of her wrecked heart's wealth, she returned to her kindred. It was with emotions of deep and painful gratitude that she bade farewell to the inhabitants of that infant settlement, whose kindness, through all her adversities, had never failed. And when they remembered the example of uniform patience and piety which she had exhibited, and the saint-like manner in which she had sustained her burdens, and cherished their sympathies, they felt as if a tutelary spirit had departed from among them.

In the home of her brother, she educated her daughter in industry, and that contentment which virtue teaches. Restored to those friends with whom the morning of life had passed, she shared with humble cheerfulness the comforts that earth had yet in store for her; but in the cherished sadness of her perpetual widowhood, in the bursting sighs of her nightly orison, might be traced a sacred and deep-rooted sorrow,—the memory of her erring husband, and the miseries of unreclaimed intemperance.

Hartford, Conn.

L. H. S.

LETTER

From GERBIT SMITH, to EDWARD C. DELAVAN, Esq. on the Reformation of the Intemperate.

Peterboro', N. Y. September 11, 1833.

EDWARD C. DELAVAN, Esquire,

My dear friend,—I well remember your deep interest in the remarks I made to you about the reformation of intemperate persons in this neighborhood; and, in fulfilment of my promise to you, I now take up my pen to furnish you with a written account of this reformation.

It often occurs, that the designs of men take a much wider scope in their accomplishment than is contemplated by their narrow-sighted framers. This remark is eminently verified in the case of the Temperance Reformation. It did not enter into the minds of its happy pioneers, that the reformation had good in store for poor drunkards; and had they foreseen how full it is of blessings and salvation to these most wretched and hitherto most hopeless of all prisoners, and how it would so soon fill the mouths of thousands of them with songs of deliverance—cheering indeed would have been the vision amidst the difficult and discouraging beginnings of their work.

To save the sober from becoming drunken was the exclusive original object of the Temperance Reformation; and therefore do they discover their ignorance of the original character of our enterprize, who pronounce it a failure, because it has not reformed all or a great proportion of the drunkards of the country. If it has reformed one drunkard, it has done what it did not promise, and what it did not expect to do. The adage that 'an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,' had as much credit with the originators of this enterprize, as with others; and perfectly did they accord with the public sentiment, that the drunkard is beyond cure. We all remember, that this was the public sentiment at that period.

Formerly, when a man became a drunkard, we excluded him from the pale of our sympathies. Vain, we thought it, to do for him, and almost no crime not to feel for him. The vice, to which he had yielded himself, stamped him in our eyes, with incurableness; and we abandoned him to a fate from which escape seemed well nigh impossible. There was hope for our friend, if the yellow fever or even the plague was upon him; but none if he became a drunkard. Now, however, under the healthful influences of the Temperance Reformation, the recovery of the drunkard is not only possible, but even probable; and when I look at the reformation, and see its illimitable and surpassingly varied beneficence reaching even to the countless multitude of drunkards, and holding out a prospect of deliverance even to these lost fellow-mortals, I must believe, and I would believe, though it were a hundred fold more neglected, derided and reproached than it is, that it has come down to us from heaven, and that it is owned and blest of that good Being, who himself came into our guilty, ruined world, 'to seek and to save that which was lost.'

We find that wherever the principles of the Temperance Reformation have obtained, there drunkards are reclaimed; and that, too, even if no special efforts are made to reclaim them. In an atmosphere of total abstinence, the drunkard can come to life again. When rum has been banished from a neighborhood, and the sober in it have ceased to present temptations, in their example and practices, to the master appetite of the drunkard; when the state of society, instead of presenting constant and fatal hindrances to his reformation, has become so changed, as to invite and assist it; then the instance is common of the drunkard's becoming sober. And when we consider, that there are more than 300,000 drunkards in our nation, and that of these the Bible declares, 'they shall not inherit the kingdom of God'; and that, of even their earthly woes and those of their family connexions, the mind can form no adequate conception—it would seem that every sober man, in whose breast there remains any thing of good will to his fellow-men, must consent to

the little and certainly harmless self-denial of discontinuing his use of strong drink, and of so far making his example and practices favorable to their recovery.

When I returned, fourteen years ago, to reside in this village, more than every other man in it was a drunkard; and, at that time, it contained some sixty or seventy families. This unusually large proportion of drunkards was doubtless owing, in a great measure, to its extensive manufacture of window-glass. For firemen, as you are aware, formerly felt it to be necessary to drink up a large part of their wages; and thence the fact, that half the blacksmiths in this part of our country, ten years ago, were drunkards. Two-thirds of all the men, who were buried in our village cemetery from the year 1820 until the beginning of the Temperance Reformation (I speak from personal knowledge) were drunkards. The vice of intemperance had impoverished the village. The sober could not make headway in the midst of such waste of time and property. There were half a dozen places in the village where rum was sold. There was a distillery in it, owned by a prominent member of the Presbyterian church, and which, until the dawn of the reformation, myself and others were blind and wicked enough to stock with grain. There were six other distilleries within the limits of the town, in which the village is situated. But the scene is greatly changed. The fires of the seven distilleries have all gone out—never again to be rekindled. The last chapter in the history of the village distillery is peculiarly interesting. It was purchased nearly a year ago by one of my neighbors, who from about the time of his purchase has been entirely reclaimed from habits of intemperance and idleness; and now, in the place of the tubs, and the worm, and the other apparatus of death, may be seen his anvil, his bellows, and the cheerful and useful business of a sober, industrious and worthy blacksmith. Only one place is left in our village, where the drunkard's drink can be obtained; and, for weeks together, an intoxicated man is not seen in our streets. Only one drunkard remains in the village. Of him we have very little hope, as his dwelling is hard by the

house, that supplies him with the 'liquid death and distilled damnation,' as the celebrated Robert Hall calls ardent spirit. It is supposed that he is the only person in the village, who drinks ardent spirit. For the young man who vends it, (respectable but for his occupation,) has too much sense to drink it. Would that he had too much benevolence to tempt others to drink it! Surprising change, since the time when more than every other man in the village was a drunkard!

Nothing, however, so happily denotes the change in our morals as the sweet stillness of our Sabbaths. The pious strangers, who, in the course of the last three or four years, have been with us in these seasons of 'heavenly calm,' have often spoke of the unusually quiet character of a Peterboro' Sabbath.

To indicate the connexion there is between rum and crime, I state that, during the last eleven and a half years, ninety-four complaints for crime were made to our village magistrates; and, that in eighty-eight of the cases the accused were drunkards: in three of them, they were sober; and, in the other three, their habits were unknown.

The subject of temperance did not begin to awaken public attention here, until January, 1827; and not until 1830 or 1831, was the interest in it so general and strong, as to exert any considerable influence upon our drunkards. A few of them were reformed, about that time. For the last twelve or eighteen months, some of the friends of temperance here have made special and great efforts to save them; and our success, under God, has been such as to fill our hearts with gratitude to Him.

The following narrative exhibits important changes, that have taken place in most of the drunkards, who resided in our village, and within two or three miles of it. There are within the same limits a dozen or fifteen other persons who still remain intemperate; and unless their sober neighbors, who have not yet subscribed the pledge to total abstinence, hasten to do so, and to put away the snare of their example, there is great reason to fear, that

a part, if not all of these persons, will go to their graves and to the judgment seat, in their present character.

No. 1. Upwards of 40 years of age. Was frequently intoxicated, until the last two or three years. When so, he was apt to be wild and quixotic in his conduct, and to involve himself in difficulties, from which he was not always extricated without a considerable loss of money and time. He became quite poor. His large family were frequently in need of the comforts of life. He is now one of our most industrious, thriving and respectable farmers. He is a member of the temperance society, and a highly esteemed member of the church.

No. 2. Upwards of 30 years of age. Was for several years very intemperate. When under the influence of liquor, he occasionally exhibited a propensity to crime, which well nigh involved him in utter ruin. He became very poor, and neglected to provide for his wife and children. Often, when in his drinking moods, absented himself from his home for days together, wandering about like a maniac. He has been a consistent member of the temperance society about two years. Happily, he dreads cider, as he dreads rum; and when, a few weeks since, it was proposed by some of his fellow-laborers to have cider brought into the harvest field, he exclaimed quickly: 'Not one drop—not one drop.' He feels himself to be 'a brand plucked from the burning,' and which a single spark may be sufficient to ignite. He is now an industrious, respectable, money-making farmer.

No. 3. About 50 years of age. The gradations of moderate drinking, of tippling, and of hard drinking, have been observable in his case, as in the cases of most drunkards. He became exceedingly poor. His very numerous family suffered for the necessaries of life. Such of his children, as are grown up, are very ignorant; and, I believe, some of them can neither read nor write. Seven or eight months ago, he subscribed the pledge of total abstinence; and, at his own solicitation, and with the full consent of those of them who were of sufficient age to give it, the names of all the members of his family, not except-

ing the infant child, were added to the same talismanic instrument. He is now cheerful and light-hearted—loves his family, and provides well for them; and he cannot fail to see, that he is greatly respected by his neighbors. An incident must be related here. The nearest neighbor of No. 3, at that time, was a deacon—and a respectable good man he is. But, being rather credulous, the stories about church and state, and other bugbears, of which the invention of artful demagogues is so prolific, had deterred him from joining the temperance society. No. 3 feeling, as is very natural, a great desire to strengthen the party to which he and his family had recently acceded, and feeling, doubtless, that he should be strong in his new faith and steadfast in his sobriety, somewhat in proportion as the temperance party should be numerous and respectable, hurried with the pledge, as soon as the names of his family were put to it, to the good deacon, for his name. The application was unquestionably very trying to the deacon. The conflict of his emotions may well be imagined. Here stood before him a man, who but yesterday was a drunkard, and who was now imploring the aid of the deacon's name towards confirming the good resolutions which he had just been making. Humanity—his religion—not to speak of his ecclesiastical office—urged the deacon to give his name promptly. But, on the other hand, he may have had some lingering notions, that this scheme of making all men sober would, in the event of its complete success, unite church and state. There was too the pride of opinion and consistency, rising up strongly in his breast; for even Christians are subject to this miserable and wicked pride. He had joined in the common talk against the society; had often refused to belong to it; and, now to give his name, at the solicitation of a drunkard!—a deacon to take lessons in ethics from the lips of a drunkard!—this was too humiliating! He refused to sign; but said that they were about to get up a temperance society in the church he belonged to, and he would sign there. The church temperance society, however, has never been formed; and the deacon's influ-

ence, in respect to temperance, remains where Jesus Christ tells him it should not be.

No. 4. About 55 years of age. Was for many years a loathsome drunkard; spent his earnings in filling his whisky bottle; and left his family to suffer for clothing, food and medicine. Some three years ago the Angel of Mercy was sent to his rescue, and he was reclaimed to soberness and to God, apparently without the aid of human instrumentality. He and other members of his family soon after made a public profession of religion, which they have honored to this day with sober and godly lives. Of course he is a member of the temperance society.

No. 5. Upwards of 30 years of age. Was intemperate for several years. Nearly a year ago, he joined the temperance society, and has been sober and industrious ever since. Drunkenness kept him very poor: but his family are now comfortably supplied. During his abstinence from ardent spirit, he has frequently been in the sanctuary. I very rarely, if ever, saw him there before. It is said, that he sometimes drinks cider; and those of us, whose abundant observation on this point assures us, that the reclaimed drunkard, who takes to cider and strong beer, will, by the use of these drinks, revive and maintain his appetite for ardent spirit, and be liable also to intoxication upon these drinks themselves, are very apprehensive that he will fall.

No. 6. About 30 years of age, and has a family. Some six months ago, he discontinued the use of ardent spirit, and joined the temperance society. Has recently drunk to intoxication. Never forsook his evil companions. His poor deluded father, who is a professor of religion and opposes the temperance reformation, is greatly, perhaps, fatally, in the way of the recovery of his son. I this day had a conversation with a brother of No. 6. He thinks No. 6 will drink no more ardent spirit.

No. 7. About 40 years of age, and has a family. Has more than a common education. For many years a loathsome drunkard. I have seen him lying in the street so drunk, as to be entirely insensible to his condition. Be-

came miserably poor. About two years since, relinquished the use of ardent spirit, and joined the temperance society and church. With the exception of one week in these two years, he has appeared well the whole time. During that week he was so imprudent, and, I may add, so sinful, as to go unnecessarily into the only house in our village where the poison is vended. He drank strong beer there, until he became intoxicated. It was suspected, that his fellow-drinkers mingled spirituous liquor with the beer, that they might, in the fall of the poor man, have an occasion for exulting over the temperance cause. His fit of drunkenness lasted several days : but when he recovered from it, he manifested the penitence of a child of God, and abjured even cider and beer forever.

No. 8, is Elder Truman Beeman. I mention his name, because he has given me liberty to do so ; and because the mention of it will, in the many parts of New England and this state, where he is known, increase the interest in the account I give of him. He is about 73 years of age ; and, though his body is feeble, his superior mind remains perfectly sound. From twenty to thirty years he was a preacher of the gospel. A portion of that time, he resided in Rensselaerville and Catskill, in this state. He removed to this village upwards of twenty years ago. He was fond of liquor then, and had left the ministry shortly before. Soon he became a drunkard and a gambler ; and the lips which had taught others the way of truth and life, were now eminently profane and obscene. No other man amongst us has ever done half so much to corrupt our youth as Elder Beeman has done. His wit and remarkably ready talent at rhyming were his most powerful auxiliaries in this work. He became very poor, after having possessed a handsome property, and, but for the industry and good management of his wife, they would both have suffered the want of food and clothing. It was observed, several years ago, that the Elder's habits were improving under the general reformation that was going on amongst us ; but, never until a year ago, did he come to the resolution to abstain entirely and for-

ever from the use of ardent spirit. Early in the winter, he attended a temperance meeting, which was addressed by Mr. Turner, the agent of the New York State Temperance Society, and there joined the society. From that day to this, he has not tasted of the poison, and, I believe, that the offer of a world would be insufficient to bribe him to taste it. Last winter he received from the War Department the welcome news, that his name was placed upon the pension list, and that he was entitled to one hundred and sixty dollars *back pay*. His old companions now flocked around him for a *treat*. They trusted, that the Elder's temperance was not yet firm enough to withstand so great and sudden prosperity. They had, perhaps, flattered themselves, that his temperance was owing, in some measure, to his inability to purchase liquor. But they were disappointed. They found him to be an incorrigible cold-water man. The Elder went to work in paying his debts and supplying his family with comforts ; and left his old companions to *purchase* the whisky they would have begged from him. I have often visited the old gentleman, within the last year. Not only is he sober ; but, it can be said of him, as it was of Paul : ' Behold he prayeth.' This old and exceeding sinner—this wonderful monument of the patience of God—now sits ' at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind.' Harmony has taken the place of discord in his family ; and that aged breast, which, for twenty years, was agitated with the untold horrors of the drunkard, is now the abode of ' quietness and assurance forever.' The Elder's religion is of such a character, that he prefers the Bible to all other books, and spends a large share of his time in reading it. His change is well worth all the temperance efforts that have been made in Peterboro'.

No. 9. Upwards of 50 years of age. Has long been an inhabitant of the town. Has an excellent family. Was for a long time a moderate daily drinker—next a tippler—and thence, by *quick march*, a full grown drunkard. Lost his health and respectability, and ceased to increase his property. About two years since, he quit his cups : his health and

character are already restored, and peace and cheerfulness, long banished from it, are now returned to his dwelling. He has not yet joined the temperance society, though he attends its meetings. I saw him angry, the other day. The alarming thought came into my mind, that he had been drinking cider. I remembered the saying among the Jersey women, that cider-drunkards are crosser husbands than other drunkards. I hope, however, that he does not drink cider.

No. 10. About 50 years old. Has lived in town but a couple of years. Was very intemperate when he came here, and poor. Has a good family. His removal into this temperance atmosphere was most happy for him; for he had not been here long, before he joined the temperance society. He has continued; ever since his connexion with the society, to be a sober and respectable man. He has recently manifested a hope in Christ.

No. 11. An old man. Had been intemperate for many years. Very poor. Connected himself with the church, two or three years since; and has been sober from that time. Demagogues have made him believe, that the temperance reformation is but a scheme to abridge men of their political rights; and therefore, (though possibly a lingering and secretly indulged love of rum has something to do with it,) he cannot join the temperance society.

No. 12. A colored man, about 30 years of age, with a family. Was a very great drunkard, and very poor. For the last three or four years, he has wholly abstained from ardent spirit. About a year since he drank freely of cider, on a festival occasion, and probably became somewhat intoxicated. He then resolved, that he would never again taste of any intoxicating liquor whatever. He is a lovely Christian, of remarkable tenderness of conscience, and of course belongs to the temperance society.

No. 13. An old person. Intemperate for many years. Has been sober for the last two or three years. Now a member of the church, and probably would be of the temperance society, if a certain near relative would be, on whom No. 13 is dependent.

No. 14. About 30 years of age, with a family. Had been intemperate for several years; and, therefore, could not preserve his earnings. Some three years ago, he joined the temperance society, and has ever since lived up to its requirements. He is now an industrious and respectable man. Much of the time, during his abstinence from ardent spirit, he has been religiously minded.

No. 15. About 40 years of age, with a family. Was a miserable sot, and very poor. For the last three or four years, he has abstained from ardent spirit, and has, during that time, been a consistent and beloved member of the church of Christ. I scarcely need add, that such a member of the church is also a member of the temperance society.

No. 16. About 60 years of age. Had been for twenty or thirty years one of the greatest drunkards in town.—Was very poor, and a brute in his family, when drunk. Has trained up several sons to drunkenness. Nearly a year ago he joined the temperance society, and has remained sober ever since—one occasion, perhaps, excepted. I fear he drinks cider; and if he does, he will probably soon relapse into drunkenness.

No. 17. About 50 years of age, with a large and intelligent family. Had been intemperate for many years, and became very poor. Three or four years ago he joined the church and the temperance society, and has ever since been a sober man and a decided Christian.

No. 18. Was a great drunkard, and was very poor. Joined the temperance society a year or two since. Had a long drunken frolic last winter. I know little about him.

No. 19. Was a great drunkard. Now a member of the temperance society, and a respectable professor of religion. Has as much fear of cider and strong beer, as of rum.

No. 20. About 60 years of age, with a family, and poor. I believe he has not used ardent spirit for months. Was formerly intemperate. I know but little of him.

No. 21. About 50 years of age, with a large family.

Had been intemperate long enough to waste the considerable property he had accumulated in the early part of his life. Last winter he bound himself in writing to abstain from ardent spirit. The person who wrote the instrument, begged him very long and earnestly to suffer the prohibition to extend to cider also. But the unhappy man could not consent to it. He laughed at the charge of danger in a drink of cider. It turned out, as the writer feared. He made cider his substitute for ardent spirit; and he now drinks ardent spirit perhaps as freely as ever. Many a heart bleeds for his meek and pious wife.

No. 22. About 60 years of age, with a large family. Had long been very drunken and very poor. About two years since he relinquished the use of ardent spirit. He was persuaded to attend the election last fall, and some demagogues, to control his vote, got him to drink. One of his respectable children told me that his father had not drank any ardent spirit before for a year. Had the poor father been a member of the temperance society, the tempting glass and the importunities of the designing might not have overcome him. I hope he does not use ardent spirit now.

No. 23. Seventy years of age, with a family. Had long been a very great drunkard. Now abstains from ardent spirit. But it is said drinks to intoxication of cider, which a professor of religion is ignorant or unprincipled enough to sell him. Has not joined the temperance society. One of his neighbors, who has great influence over him, talks much of church and state.

No. 24. Lives a little out of the territory, to which I have confined my examinations. Was a great drunkard—but has been, for some time, a consistent member of the temperance society.

No. 25. Lives near No. 24. Was quite intemperate. Has recently joined the temperance society, and appears very well.

No. 26. Was a drunkard until the last three or four years. From that time, until his death, nearly a year ago, was a sober man and interesting Christian. He was

about sixty years old, at his death. The cry that is often raised to justify our neglect of the drunkard, and to discourage our efforts for his recovery is, that the reformed drunkard *will go back*. That cry is signally rebuked and falsified in the case of No. 26; for instead of *going back*, he has gone to heaven.

No. 27. About 45 years of age, with a family. Was very poor and drunken. I am informed, that he has abstained entirely from ardent spirit, for the last seven or eight months, and is pious.

No. 28. About 40 years of age, with a family. Was very poor and drunken. For the last two years, has been a respectable and faithful member of the temperance society. Is now so afraid of ardent spirit, that some months ago, when in great bodily pain, he refused camphor, because it was dissolved in it.

No. 29. About 40 years old, with a family, and poor. Had been intemperate for years. Has recently promised to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, and I hope soon to see him in the temperance society.

No. 30. Upwards of 30 years of age, with a family, and was poor. Had been intemperate for several years; but, for the last year or two, he has been a zealous and faithful member of the temperance society. He is now a sober, pious, industrious, money-making man.

No. 31. About 60 years of age. Had long been intemperate and poor. Lives at a distance from this place. Visited his friends here last winter, and got caught in the temperance trap. Returned home a sober man, and, to the great joy of his numerous and very worthy family, has remained so ever since. It is said, that his old drinking companions tried very hard to get him back into the rum ranks. He is industrious in proselyting his drunken neighbors to temperance. He belongs to the temperance society.

No. 32. About 40 years of age. This is a very remarkable instance. He lives a number of miles from this place, but is to remove to this neighborhood in two or three weeks. Seven or eight months since, he came to me, late in the evening, for the single purpose, as he avowed, of subscribing his name to the temperance pledge.

He was very drunk. I sought hard to put him off. But he would subscribe the pledge. He seemed to feel that this, and nothing short of this, would save him. Rather to rid myself of his importunity, than in the hope of benefiting him, I wrote the pledge for him to sign. He took the pen, fell upon his knees, and signed it; and immediately after offered an audible prayer of ten minutes' length. Strange to say, he has never tasted spirituous liquor since. He is now very industrious, and very ambitious to be a man of respectability and property. His remaining affection for his amiable and pious wife seemed to be his strongest motive for signing the pledge and entering upon the redemption of his character. Let the unhappy wife of the drunkard so demean herself towards her wretched partner, as to keep alive his love of her. In some heaven-favored moment, that love may impel him to successful efforts to escape from his bondage.

No. 33. About 40 years of age. Had long been a drunkard. His family frequently needed the comforts of life. Nearly a year ago, he resolved on total abstinence from ardent spirit, and has been a sober, industrious man, ever since. He has not yet joined the temperance society, but probably will soon join it. I believe he wishes to make a thorough trial of his constancy to his new principles, before he joins the society. In this, he is in a common error. He needs, and so does every drunkard, who is striving to reform himself, the help of a connexion with the temperance society to keep him from falling.

No. 34. About 55 years of age, with a family. Had been intemperate for many years. About four years ago he joined the temperance society, and has been a perfectly sober man ever since. Never, however, until the last winter, did he resolve to give up cider. It was much feared, by some of his friends, that his use of cider would bring him back to rum.

No. 35. About 30 years of age. Well educated. Was a very great drunkard, and was very poor. Two or three years ago he joined the church, and ever since he has been a sober, pious, and useful man. He removed

into a neighboring town soon after he made a profession of religion.

No. 36. Very drunken and poor. Has recently joined the temperance society. Does well thus far. But I cannot yet form an opinion how he will hold out.

No. 37. Similar to No. 36 in all respects.

No. 38. Upwards of fifty years of age. Had long been a drunkard: became pious two or three years since, and joined the church. Last winter some of his rum-drinking neighbors got him to drink, until he was intoxicated. When he became sober, he was very penitent, and hastened to join the temperance society. Previously, he felt too strong to need the help of a connexion with it. I can now confidently say of him, that he is a sober man, and a Christian.

This list would be far longer than it now is, should I add to it the names of all those persons, within the same territory, who, but for the temperance reformation, would, in all probability, have become drunkards ere this time. Numbers of my most respectable neighbors had already drank ardent spirit so long, as to contract a decided appetite for it.

The most important fact established by the foregoing narrative is the connexion between Temperance Reformation and the work of the Holy Spirit. Or, I might venture the remark, that innumerable instances in our country, similar to some in this narrative, establish the fact, *that the Temperance Reformation is itself the work of the Holy Spirit.* Well has the Reformation been called the John Baptist of the gospel. For, in thousands of instances, it has prepared the way for the Saviour to take possession of the sinner's heart. Such conversions to God, as are recorded in this narrative, whilst they illustrate His forbearance, greatly encourage the individual, who enters into the work of reforming the drunkard, with the hope, that he may be instrumental in saving 'a soul from death,' as well as in drying up the fullest and bitterest fountains of temporal misery.

Were there space for it in this communication, I might advert to several facts established by the foregoing narrative; and especially to the one, that the drinking of ardent spirit induces poverty. But I pass from this to say something about our process for reforming the drunkard.

Benevolence is the soul of this process, as it is emphatically of the whole temperance enterprise; and if any are laboring to promote that enterprise from motives at all inferior to the love of their fellow-men, they are at best but feeble helpers of our noble cause. Those of my neighbors, who have undertaken, in reliance on God, the work of reforming drunkards, do not feel and act towards these wretched beings as they once did. They have learned highly prized lessons on this subject in the great school of Temperance Reform. Formerly, they despised the drunkard. Now, they pity him. Now they feel, that no class of men are entitled to draw so largely on their compassions as drunkards; and especially do they feel this, when they consider how much they have themselves done to make drunkards. For who of us can truthfully say, that he has done nothing towards continuing that rum-drinking custom in our country, whence have come all our drunkards. Formerly, they repulsed the drunkard from their doors; neglected his sufferings; and wherever they met him, manifested their contempt and abhorrence of him. Now, they are kind to him; furnish him with employment; are tender of his feelings, and attentive to his wants. The drunkard's self-despair arises, in a great measure, from the conviction, that he is an outcast from the public respect and sympathy. Of this we have been aware in our efforts to reform him; and we have sought to show him, that, as to ourselves at least, this conviction shall henceforth be groundless. We have taken great pains to persuade him, that we are his friends, and that every improvement in his habits, however slight, would proportionably and promptly elevate him in our esteem. We have also cheerfully consented to practise every self-denial, by which we could gain his confidence: for in no way can you so surely win men's hearts to you,

as by submitting to obvious self-denial for their sake. It was not *because* of his self-denial, but it was *notwithstanding* this endearing virtue, that the great pattern of self-denial was crucified. Whilst inculcating the doctrine, that the drunkard, to be thoroughly reformed, must relinquish wine, cider, and malt liquors, as well as ardent spirit, we have seen and submitted to the necessity of giving up these drinks ourselves. The drunkard is affected by this self-denial for his sake; and he straightway opens his heart to those who practise it. But, should we, whilst insisting on his disuse of these drinks, indulge in them ourselves, he would despise our inconsistency and selfishness; and we should only make the matter worse, by attempting to justify ourselves in saying to him: 'These drinks are safe for us who are sober; but you who have lost your self-control, are not to be trusted with them.' Much as the drunkard's self-respect is impaired, he cannot brook a distinction so offensive as this.

The self-denial that prompted the godlike Howard to visit and explore the vilest and most repulsive scenes on earth, 'to take the gauge and dimensions of human misery,' in its most loathsome and aggravated forms, must actuate him, who would befriend and save the drunkard. His regard for the drunkard's welfare must be stronger than his disgust towards his loathsome vice; and he must toil for his rescue unweariedly. Even as the man of God fixes his weeping eyes on an impenitent neighbor, and resolves, in the holy benevolence of his heart, that he will devote himself to the salvation of that neighbor; so must the friend of temperance single out the drunkard; employ upon his recovery the fruitful ingenuity, that a good man ever has in a good cause; visit him frequently; exhort him 'in season and out of season;' wrestle with God for him; entreat others to be kind to him, as well in their example, as in their words; and he must finally resolve never to give over the labor, whilst his unhappy fellow-being remains the slave of the bowl.

I recollect having said to you, a couple of years since, that the Temperance Reformation was worth all it had

cost, if it were only for its having developed and exercised, in composition and public speaking, so much of the talent of the young men in humble life in this country. I would now add, that the Reformation is worth all it has cost, had it accomplished no other good than that of teaching thousands of professors of religion, that they have little self-denial, and of course little of Christ in them. The Temperance Reformation has shown, that many a professor of this self-denying religion, would rather cling to his glass than throw it away to save a soul.

The temperance tavern is to be acknowledged amongst the most important aids, which we have had in cleansing the moral atmosphere of this neighborhood. For nearly six years, (probably longer than any other place has been favored with such an establishment,) we have had a temperance tavern. Temperance taverns are equally creditable and useful to the public morals, and they are one of the peculiar and most precious fruits of the Temperance Reformation. How strange, that temperance men do not support them! It is in their power, by bestowing their patronage on temperance houses, to convert all the rum taverns in the land into temperance taverns. Whilst, on the other hand, no temperance man puts up *unnecessarily* at a tavern where ardent spirit is sold, without lending his influence to prolong the guilty traffic.

Nothing, however, has been so useful, towards effecting, and especially towards rendering permanent, the reformation of drunkards here, as the public pledge, which the temperance society requires of its members. The pledge associates him with the respectable, who have subscribed it; and he feels himself honored by the association, and stimulated to well doing. This public promise constitutes, in his view, whatever it may be in fact, a far more solemn appeal to the living God than do his private and, generally, vague and hesitating resolutions of amendment; and he is also most profitably conscious, that this public promise fixes upon him the eyes of hundreds of his fellow-beings, who will stand ready to applaud him for his fidelity to it, or to despise and abhor its violation. The temperance

pledge in the hour of temptation, is like the amulet worn of old to preserve its wearer from evils. It may be likened also to some adopted maxim, which, embodying the just conclusion of a long and wise train of thought, often comes greatly to one's help in an exigency, and when he is in no circumstances for a process of reasoning. The remembered pledge often exerts a saving power, when the waves of temptation beat violently against the trembling resolution of the reformed drunkard. He may not be able to answer the ingenious and plausible arguments, with which his tempters assail him: but he falls back with confidence and safety upon his pledge, as upon a conclusion to which he arrived, in a season more propitious than the present, for determining his duty. And now, although the peril of the crisis be so great, as to strip him of every other resource and every other means of escape, yet here, in the temperance pledge, is that 'last plank' which saves him. There is another consideration, showing the value of the pledge to the reformed drunkard. (It is imperfectly brought to view in the application made by No. 3 for the deacon's name.) If it had no other name to it than his own, it might and probably would avail him little. But his respectable neighbors, and hundreds of thousands of the wise and good all over the land, have honored it with their names; and he feels that he stands in their strength. Hence is it, that he is able to stand; whilst, without this dependence, he would be tottering and falling through his inherent feebleness. You have heard the story of our countryman at the battle of Yorktown, who, to use his expression, 'fought on his own hook.' There are some such self-poised and independent spirits. But the reformed drunkard, in respect to his conflict with the temptations of rum, is far from being one of them. In that conflict, and in his reliance on his associates in the pledge, he is more like the coward soldier, who, but for his identification of himself with his country's cause, and with the ten thousands of strong hands and stout hearts, that are supporting it by his side, would have 'no stomach for the fight.'

Of vital importance, however, as is the temperance pledge to the drunkard, yet how many people there are of sober lives, who discourage him from subscribing it, by refusing to subscribe it themselves. I have often known fathers, and even mothers, keep back from sanctioning and honoring temperance societies with their names, notwithstanding they had drunken sons, whose reformation was hopeless, unless they could be brought into these asylums.

I have witnessed, in some of these cases, the ineffectualness of entreaties addressed to the stubborn and deluded parents, until I have been well nigh driven to the uncharitable conclusion of the poet, that,

'There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;
It does not feel for man.'

I have a few neighbors who wholly abstain from ardent spirit, but who decline giving their names to the pledge. I respect them for their abstinence: but here, as well as elsewhere, such persons seriously obstruct the progress of the car of temperance. The rum party chuckle over such temperance men, and they wish for no better allies. They remember too well the impotence of all efforts against intemperance, before the temperance society was devised, to fear any of those efforts now. It is the machinery of the Temperance Society; its meetings; its publications; the activity of its members; above all the resistless magic of its roll of names—the resistless power of example and of fashion too in that roll—that they dread. God plainly says of temperance societies to all men: 'This is the way: walk ye in it.' But they, who have been brought under the Temperance Reformation, to give up drinking of ardent spirit, and who still refuse to join the temperance society, are guilty, not only of disobedience to this requirement, but of heinous ingratitude, in turning their backs on the instrumentality, which God has mercifully employed to produce in them so great and so happy a change. Such persons generally speak well of the society; but they do not consider, that their standing aloof from it argues a perception on their part of something very objectionable

in it; and therefore it is, that, just so far as their example and opinions have weight, is the institution discredited and subjected to suspicions.

Persons of this class are frequently heard to say, in order to justify their standing aloof from the temperance society, that they can do more good by remaining out of the society, than they could if they were in it. But, if they may say so, then may others; then may all;—and the temperance society should not exist;—and the conclusion is, that the society is an evil, and that it has hindered rather than promoted the progress of the cause of temperance. A sensible man should be careful not to take a position, which can be fairly carried out into consequences so absurd. That the temperance society is useful, and useful in proportion to the number and respectability of its members, is a proposition not to be controverted at this late day. But, let the persons to whom I here refer, examine themselves, to see whether, after all, it is not pride, notions of independence, *gentlemanly feeling*, or something other than a desire to be most useful, which keeps them back from joining the temperance society.

But to return to the drunkard. The grand difficulty in reclaiming him is not in himself: it is in the sober, and in the state of society around you. As the question, 'Will this be a good child,' is far more pertinently and forcibly put to the parents of the child than to the child itself; so the question, whether a drunkard shall be reformed, is more suitably addressed to the sober, whose examples control that drunkard, than to the drunkard himself. The question of the drunkard's probable fate is in the hands of the sober, amongst whom he dwells; and their examples solve that question, either for his recovery or his ruin. Go into a community where there is no temperance society—where the sober and respectable are above the meanness of laying themselves under its obligations, and you will never hear a prayer offered in that community for the poor drunkard, and never see a tear dropped over his wretchedness; and, there, of course, you will find no instance of a reclaimed drunkard. So far from this,

you will find the habits of society—the state of feeling—such as to make men drunkards, and to keep them drunkards when they have become such. But go into another community, and where there has been, for several years, a well-sustained temperance society, and there you will find, that kind feelings have begun to prevail towards the drunkard; and here and there you will see a drunkard, who has already broken his chains.

Sober men generally are still wont to look upon themselves, as clear of the sin of drunkenness. But, if they will examine the relations they bear to the drunkard, they will find themselves to be responsible for all the drunkenness that exists. The sober (for drunkards are generally paupers,) raise the grain for distillation, and manufacture and import and vend the spirituous liquor; and set the example, irresistibly attractive to the drunkard, of drinking it; and thence the myriads of drunkards, and the difficulty of reclaiming them. If men will not, yet the all-seeing God will, fix the responsibility of this murder of bodies and souls, where it belongs. In 'the great day of his wrath,' will the rum dealer and the rum drinker, who still persist in their sin, under all the light that reveals its enormity, 'be able to stand?'

What I have said sufficiently indicates the process, by which, under God, most of our drunkards have been reformed. How they can be reformed in a city, where every tenth or twentieth building is a grog shop, and where at every turn and corner of the streets, an appeal is made in the display of bottles, to the master appetite of the drunkard, I do not know. When our license laws and the rum dealers and demagogues, who cling to them, shall no longer be able to withstand the fast gathering tempest of public indignation; and when the intolerable oppression of these laws on the sober, unoffending and industrious citizens of our state shall have been exchanged for legislative protection against the evils of rum-selling; then the drunkard in the city can be reclaimed, as well as the drunkard in the country.

GERRIT SMITH.

Extract of a Letter from the Hon. David Daggett, Chief Justice of Connecticut.

NEW HAVEN, Nov. 19, 1833.

SIR,—The letter which you did me the honor to write in behalf of the American Temperance Society, was duly received. You request me to read the article in your 6th Report on the immorality of the Traffic in ardent spirit, and to give you my opinion whether "the principles there exhibited are correct, and the arguments by which they are supported, sound." On this question I cannot entertain a doubt. That to make or sell ardent spirit, for common use, is as wicked as to make or sell poisons for the same purpose. It being admitted that the use of this article is destructive to health, reputation and property, (and the proof of this fact is overwhelming,) it follows conclusively, that those who make it and sell it, sin, with a high hand against God, and the highest interests of their fellow-men: the blood of murdered souls and bodies will be required at their hands.

I will only add, that in my view, the great source of intemperance is to be found in the grog shops and tipping houses, those 'outer chambers of hell.' When public opinion shall place those who furnish the means of this destructive vice on a level with thieves and counterfeiters, then, and *not till then*, may we expect to see our land purged from this abomination.

Yours, respectfully, DAVID DAGGETT.

To the Chairman of the Ex. Com. }
of the Am. Temp. Soc., Boston. }

A DRUNKARD RECLAIMED AND RESTORED TO HEALTH.

When I was but a child, five or six years of age, my father sent me from the field to bring a bottle of rum from the house, and as I was accustomed to see my father and others drink rum, I thought there could be no harm in my taking a little, the weather being very warm, and rum, it was said, would keep out the heat. So I drank until I was completely drunk. My father carried me home at the blowing of the horn for dinner; after that he severely chastised me for getting drunk, not for tasting, for he had always instructed me, when returning from the store with the bottle, to taste, and learn if the merchant had been honest in giving spirits. I did so—my appetite for it increased, and I continued tasting, through childhood and youth, and from that time until the day I was forty years of age I was an habitual drunkard. I drank to keep out heat and cold; I drank to keep the steam of a boiling kettle from affecting my stomach; I drank to give appetite, strength and activity; I drank to drown sorrows and troubles which I brought upon myself; I drank to grieve away the Holy Spirit of my God, which often troubled my guilty soul; I drank because I thought I could not do without it. I could also get trusted at the grog shop for rum, when I could get neither tea, sugar nor molasses.

ses for my weeping wife and children. And now, dear reader, I would say to you—touch not, handle not, taste not this poisonous thing; for poison it is, I know it to be so by sad experience. It has often palsied my limbs, impaired my vision, and destroyed my reason. And now, in the language of scripture, unto you, young men, I call, if you have contracted the habit of tasting, you are in great danger—for I only began to taste when I found myself a most miserable drunkard; all my days' wages were squandered, and the companion of my youth and a number of small children weeping for a morsel of bread; and to satisfy a guilty conscience, I would complain of hard times. Do you say that ardent spirit will keep out heat, cold, &c.? I charge you with folly.—If you drink ardent spirit to increase your strength, to restore your health, or to render you more active, you are deceiving yourself—for it took away my health, and my strength was gone, and activity I had none. I was weak and my limbs trembling. If you drink ardent spirit to drown troubles or sorrows, you add fuel to the fire, and make it ten-fold worse. If you drink to grieve away the Holy Spirit, you are in danger of losing your soul. If there is such an appetite already formed that you think you cannot do without it, you are a coward, and durst not try.

Dear reader, the day before I was forty I drank not less than ten glasses of spirit. But the morning of my birth-day arrived. I being a mechanic, a company of mechanics sallied forth for a birth-day's dram. I was now sober, conscience staring me boldly in the face, and viewing myself as I was, and the doleful situation that my family were in, caused by my drunkenness, it all but chilled the blood in my veins. That was a glorious birth-day morning to me and my afflicted family; for in the strength of the God of heaven I formed the resolution that I would not drink any more ardent spirit, unless by bodily infirmity I really stood in need; and by the goodness of God I have found no use for it, either in sickness or in health, for more than five years. My health and my strength are entirely restored. I have found by experience that ardent spirit will lead a man from his family to the grog shop, from his bible to the gambling table, from the house of God to the house infested with every thing that is evil. It will lead a man from the calls and invitations of the Holy Spirit of our God, to hardness of heart and blindness of mind. And finally, according to the declaration of God, it will lead a man from heaven and all its enjoyments, around the throne of the Eternal, down to death and everlasting despair, where hope and mercy never comes. God has also declared in his holy word, that there should no drunkard, or any thing that defileth or maketh a lie, enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Dear reader, I found no difficulty in leaving off the use of ardent spirit, as soon as I set reason to work and counted up the cost.—God, by his Spirit, was willing to assist me, and has kept me from its use till the present day. So I remain your friend, a friend to temperance, and, as I hope, a friend of God.

Chatham, Columbia Co., N. Y.

'THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.'—A spider had prepared his web in one corner of my room with great care and skill, and having completed it in the most perfect manner, he retired into its darkest recesses to lie in wait for his prey. Soon, a little thoughtless fly became entangled in the net, and the spider, warned by the struggles of the victim to obtain his freedom, leaving his hiding place, turned one web around him and retired upon some slight cause of alarm. By and by, he again approached the fly, turned another web around him and retired. This was repeated several times, till the fly was fast bound, and incapable of resistance, when the spider fell upon him and deprived him of life by sucking his life's blood.

The thought occurred to me while I was watching this process, that there was a striking analogy between this spider, his web and the fly, and the vender of ardent spirit, his shop and his customers. The spirit vender builds or hires his shop, fills it with barrels, decanters and glasses, all arranged in the order best calculated to allure attention and inflame the appetite, and then a sign varnished and gilded, 'waves in the wind,' or glitters in the front. He then takes his stand, and waits for the receipt of custom. Soon some unsuspecting one approaches and enters.—A glass of 'cordial' is poured out, drank, and payment is made. Thus the web is turned *once* round. By and by he comes again, and another web is turned, and then another, and another still. Now the victim may make an effort to escape, but in vain. The web is fixed—the fetters are strong—the appetite is confirmed. There is no hope. His life is given for a prey, and a great ransom cannot deliver him.

But to return to the spider. All designs and plans, from the first moment he spins his thread and attaches it securely, regard only his own personal benefit. Solitary and alone he lives, and spends his life in depriving others of that which he cannot restore. No matter what others may suffer, he is the gainer. The struggles, and the pains, and the tortures they undergo are of no concern to him. His object is gain. And is there no resemblance here? Do not the widow and the fatherless cry, and the land mourn because of the traffic in ardent spirit, and do not the venders shut their ears? But once more, the spider preys not upon his own species. He sucks the blood of a different race. But to whom does the spirit-dealer sell his baneful draught? To men—to husbands—to parents. The consequences of the spider's daily depredations upon the insect tribe, affect only the individual victim. The effects of the spirit-dealer extend to a whole circle of relatives—affect a whole neighborhood—a town—a nation—the world—time—eternity.

He enters his shop in the morning, and while rinsing down the filthy shop-board, and adjusting the cup, ready to be replenished at the call of those who are soon to return like a dog to his vomit, a more worthy neighbor presents himself. 'My Friend,' says he,—no indeed! he cannot be his friend:—'Sir,' says he, 'why will you suffer my miserably degraded son to revel here in dissipation and

idleness, to return home to his friends in madness and fury, with curses and reproaches, in despite of the laws of both God and man? Our sufferings are beyond the power of language to describe, and you are the principal author of it.—And yet the retailer feigns to be ignorant both of cause and effect, but replies with an affected gravity,—‘If I did not sell liquors, others would,—and what’s the difference?’

‘A female next presents herself. Did you ever observe her looks when on such an errand? What expression has the features of woman when the heart is broken? Here, then, you may behold them. Half clad, and shivering with the intense cold of a December morning, she stands before you the very object of misery, pity and despair. ‘Sir,’ says she, in turn, ‘will you not have compassion upon a miserable, destitute family? My husband, who has been in your employ only for two months, and helped vote you into office, returned from here last night intoxicated, as usual, and, what has not myself and children suffered from his brutal violence during the live-long night? You promised to withhold from him the cup, and further to mitigate our sufferings, in lieu of rum, to bestow a pittance of bread for his services. But my hopes have now fled; oh, what will become of my helpless children!’ Facing such an appeal, you still plead ignorance of the effects of retailing rum, have doubts about your duty in such a case, but none in regard to your supposed interest. “If angels weep, it is at such a sight.”’

THE EFFECT OF ARDENT SPIRIT UPON THE INDIVIDUAL.

‘Under its influence, we see anger, malice, revenge, and all the most bitter feelings of the heart, are roused to action:

‘No tie is sacred, and no home is sweet.’

The affectionate wife has often to brook for a husband’s smile, an idiot’s gaze, or a tyrant’s angry frown; and the helpless infant meets from a father’s hand, a murderer’s fatal grasp.

‘Under its influence, infidelity flourishes; blasphemy against the Most High is practised shamelessly. Under its influence, the reckless mariner, amidst the raging storm, and angry waves, curses the wind, and defies Omnipotence. Under its influence, the infidel, when his last hour approaches, after a life marked by every vice that can degrade human nature, dares to die, with a glass in his hand, cursing and decrying his God.

‘Thus with mental faculties impaired, talent perverted and destroyed, and all the finer feelings of the heart forever extinguished, dies the drunkard, a hapless suicide. Yes, thou poor, degraded creature, who art daily lifting the poisoned bowl to thy lips, cease to avoid the unhallowed ground in which the self-murderer is interred, and no longer wonder that the sun should shine, and the rain fall, and the grass look green upon his grave. Thou art perverting, gradually, by the use of ardent spirit, what he has effected, suddenly, by opium or the halter.’

THE

DECLARATION OF SEVENTY-FIVE

PHYSICIANS OF BOSTON.

They declare that ‘ardent spirit, as a drink, is *never* useful for men in health,’ and furnish the annexed certificate, to be seen and read by all men. This is their deliberate opinion, given after mature reflection, and with a full knowledge of the effects of ardent spirit upon the human system. They make no exception to this rule. All men, they declare, would be better, in all situations, without this stimulant. Every man, then, who is in health, by transgressing, violates the laws of life, and not only wastes his property, but he impairs his constitution, and takes one step towards a premature grave. Physicians know this better than any other class of men, and to them, under God, is our country greatly indebted, for the rapid progress of the temperance reformation. And to their praise it should be known, that almost without exception, in every part of our land, they have come forward, with a disinterestedness worthy of all imitation, and have thrown the weight of their character and influence into the scale of temperance. Having long seen and felt the difficulties which the use of ardent spirit presented to the healing art, they have denounced it as ‘a most subtle and dangerous *poison*,’ alike unnecessary and injurious, to men in health, rendering them no assistance in cold or heat, giving no power to endure fatigue, or recruit an exhausted frame. Such testimony should forever settle the question, ‘Does drinking ardent spirit do any good?’—And it does settle it, where appetite or interest have not blinded the minds, or where gross ignorance does not prevail.

About fifty millions of dollars, it is estimated, are annually expended in this country, for this poisonous liquid, which is not only unnecessary, but the direct cause of nine-tenths of all the pauperism, crime, wretchedness and woe, which degrade and afflict our fellow-men. Almost every paper records murders committed under the influence of ardent spirit, while the untold, hidden woes which it inflicts, will never be revealed in this world. Shall law-makers sanction the traffic, which causes all this calamity, and waste of property and life? This question is submitted to the people of the United States of America,—who, in this land, are the only sovereigns. Read the opinion, and consider it well; then fix it upon the wall of every dwelling, shop, manufactory, steamboat, tavern, and place of assembly—the grog-shop not excepted—and recollect that it is most disinterested, for ardent spirit causes a large part of all the sickness and accidents which befall mankind; and if it is banished, the change must materially diminish the practice and income of medical men.

They speak *what they do know*, and if all other temperance men are ‘insane and fanatics,’ they are in their sober senses, and were